DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

ISLAND POND, VERMONT, DECEMBER 18, 1891.

NO. 41.

MASONIC DIRECTORY.

ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 44, P. & A. M. stated C mmunications the second Monday in eacn month.

EXTSTONE CHAPTER, No. 16, R. A. M. St. tei Convocations the first Monday in esch month. VERNONT COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M. Stat d Assemblies first Monday in each

NORTH STAR CHAPTER, No. 25, O. E. S. Star d Meetings the third Monday in each

L O. O. P.

ESSEX Longs, No. 18. Meets every Thurs Ross Encampment No. 4. Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ERASTUS BUCK | OST, No. 78, Meets each Friday on or before the full of the moon. W. R. C.

ERASTUS BUCK, No. 30, Dept. of Vermont, Meets alternate Thursdays,

PROBATE COURTS.

Probate Courts, within and for the District Essex, will be holden until otherwise or tered, as follows: At the Probate Office in Guildhall on the ad Tursday of each month.

At West Concord on the 1st Tuesdays of January and July. At Island Pond on the 1st Tuesdays of Petruary and August.
At Lonenburgh on the 1st Tuesdays of

March and September. At Canaan on the 1st Tuesdays of April At Gallups Mills in Victory on the 1st Tuesday in May. At Bioomfield on the 1st Tuesdays of June

C. E. BENTON, Judge. Guildhall, December 1st, 1890.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. And Solicitor in Chancery

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II. W. LUND ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Canaan, Vermont. Business by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

SUBJECT: "ROYAL BLOOD."

of a king."-Judges vill., 18.

mighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington means patriotism, although some of the blood of that rose has a

The family of the Rothschilds is signifi-cant of wealth, the loss of forty millions of dollars in 1848 putting them to no incon-venience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia twelve millions of dollars, Naples twenty-five millions, Austria forty millions and England two hundred millions; and the stroke of their pen on the counting room deak shakes everything from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hand sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it, and there is peace. The house of Hapsburg in Austria, the house of Stuart in England, the house of

authority.
But I come to preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive— the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We

eternal orchestra that made music at His birth. From thence He started forth to con birth. From thence He started forth to con-quer all nations, not by tramping them nown, but by lifting them up. St. John saw Him on a white horse. When He returns He will not bring the nations chained to His wheel or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow white cavalends

and the chief joy of another. The storm His frown. The sunlight His smile. The spring

morning His breath. The earthquake the stamp of His foot. The thunder the whisper of His voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of His finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of His love. Eternity the twinkling of His eye. The universe the flying dust of His cheeping which which had to be a bear. His chariot wheels. Able to heal a heart break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with His glory. What

Great tauilies wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes and ensigns. a hon, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our of arms, worn right over the heart, her ter shall be a cross, a lamb standing under it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family have it blazing on my flag—the dove, the cross, the lamb, and when I fall wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breas, that all the world may see that I looked to the dove of the spirit, and clung to the cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which

Asbamed of Jerus—that dear friend, On whom my bopes of life depend: No! when I blush he this my shame—

trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all toe relalook down into it. First those nearest the departs: come, then those next of kin, until
they have all looked into the grave. So
when trouble and grief go do in through the
heart of one member of the family, they go
down through them all. The sadness of one

A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery, and all ends of the line touch the battery, and at the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close tog ther that when trouble sets its battery all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family the of one ought to be the sorrow

If you rejoice at another's misfortune you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats, and the vulture of sin hath slighted on your soul, and not the dove of the

d. He says, "My peace I give Through His spostle He says, yours." What! Everything! "All are yours." What! Everything!
Yes, everything! This world and the next.
In distinguishing families there are old putures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from genera-

sky make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of clouds and sets minaret and dome affame,

stoops to paint the illy white, and the butter-cup yellow, and the forget-me-not ciue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shep-herd guarding the flocks afield! Light for herd guarding the flocks aned: Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes, and burning brain, and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of

And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane in his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light fron the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seemed like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies,

beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet votes of praise, while the stars listen, and the set.

No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sc, ben's over the weary, heartaick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tassied picture of the night! It is the heirioon of our family. Ours, the grandeur of the spring, the crys-tals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pusture the n-an these mountains and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes these islan is these continents. are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they show. For us they sang at a Sav-jour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line and with their flaming torches all to the salender of our true on the law for the spiendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk go around the Eternal

City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look ou upon the chaplets which never falle, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halfs, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured the sun that never can be expected, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaza, and we hide our eyes and exclain, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which Go I hath prepared for them that love Him!" As these tides of giory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of

glainess and thanksgiving and triumph.

What think you of the family property?
It is considered an honor to marry into a It is considered an honor to family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you His heart and His hand, saying offers you had the Canticles, "Rise up, My in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up. My love, My fair one, and come away," and once baving put on tny hand the signet ring of His love, you will be endowed with all the ealth of earth and all the honors of heaven

Almost every family looks back to a homed—some country place where you graw You sat on the doorsill. You heard the footstep of the rain on the garret roof, swung on the gate. You ransacked barn. You waded into the brook. barn. You waited into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring wools for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. In my Father's house are many mansions, When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contains the triumphs Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen; or kings and the queens who have walke its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouss. But all the dwelling places of nulses and number and outsets are as nothing to the farmey mansion that is already awaiting on our arrival. The hand already awaiting on our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lift of the pillars and swun; the doors and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the gods of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaira, and the lowhest a kin, and the tamest word he speaks in an anthem and the short

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonterful flower, Vic-toria Regio, two fact in diameter. But our fally of the Valley scall next no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shad put forth its full isoom, and all heaven sme to look at it, and its aroun shall be as though the coerubin had swung before the throne a thousand consers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have latters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whother I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates major loves me, or whether I go by land or by am, if only I may lift my

eyes at last on the family mandon It is not a frait house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of many ages, and tu urns at the gateway are abloom with th century plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba nath waike i its halis, and Esther and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil and Jeremy Paylor and Namuel Ruth arford and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the ospital-these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mans on means reunion. Some

of your families are very much scattered. The cultiven married, and went off to St. ouis or Chicago or Charleston; but pe hips once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old plane that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play in it.) How you bring out the old relies, and rummage the gar ret, and open old scrapboo is, and shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times, and though you may be forty-five years of age act as though you were sixteen! Yet soon it is goodbye at the car window, and goodbye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven. It is a good while since con parted at the door of the grave. will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lazzie and all the darlings of our household-not pale and sick and gasp ing for breath, as when you saw them last but the eye bright with the luster of heaven and the cheek resente with the flush of celes

What clasping of hands! What What coming together of lip to bracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away;" and if there were no tears there, how could He wipe them away! They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gial-ness. Christ will come and say: "What child of heaven, is it too much for theel Dost thou break down under the gladness of Then I will help thee." And, with His one arm around us and the other arm around our loved one, He shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak, some of you, with broken nearts, can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day! spead on. Towari thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not spaik. Spaid on, oh, day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have just once kissed. Thy blessed feet. I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me! One look at Thee were heaven. But all these treasures are heaven. reunions are heaven entiruling heaven, heaven overtopourg heaven, heaven com-

ingling with heaven!"
I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining room in which our first President en-tertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But ob, the banqueting hall of the facily ruansion of whica I spaid! Spread the ta-ble; spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the River rather the tweive manner of fruits for that Take the clusters from the y vineyards and press them table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which, if man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly contable, I heavenly quest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the read of earth to come and dine,

CHRISTMAS BELLS. Ring loud! Ring long! Exultant Christmas belis! Whose natal morn

The waning year still tells, To burdened souls forlorn. Ring loud! Ring long! Ye merry Christmas bells, Ring loud! Ring long! Ring low! Pray strong,

Low-lying, mourning hearts, God's well-loved poor! By day, by night, Mute lips, give praise. He knows thy direct need; know thou His might.

From Bounty's lavish hand, In Pienty's garnered maize, Pray low! Pray strong! Christ's longing, patient ones, Pray low! Pray strong?

Moan now, moan now No more! On wasting couch Gaunt specters, tossing to and fro, "Elleson," cry! Christ the Consoler comes to smooth thy

> To light thy darkened say, To calm all earthly woe. Moan now, moan now No more! Christ stills both beart

And mean, and mean, Ring loud! Ring long, O strong-toned, Christmas bells! For all-the rich, the wise, the poor, Your welcome swells-

Ring long for Charity's wide open door! Ring loud-a stainless name! Ring long for Truth's bright score Ring loud! Ring long. Life's hopeful, Christmas bells, Ring loud! Ring long! -R. T. Greener

Martin's Christmas Gift.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

A gray December twilight; the leafess woods half hidden in the whirling clouds of snow that had begun to flutter through the chill air as the sun went down; a melancholy wind sighing sadly down the valley, where rocky hills rose ap on each side of the steely gleaming river, and only the red light from Farmer Carey's kitchen window seemed to brighten up the somber scene. For the great log fire that blazed in the sheery throat of the buge stone chimney was sufficient of itself to light up the gloomiest winter gloaming that ever plosed over the bleak New England

looked at through their medium, and chairs and tables which were evidently was cheap, and people didn't mind a wrappings in front of the huge fireplace. little extra bulk to lift around. A brightstriped rag carpet covered the floor, and the shelves of the wooden cupboard be- allow her to finish the sentence. sundry implements of gleaming tin, stay, won't you?" hung on the walls, flashed back the brightness of the fire like so many

on a round pine stand the fat tallow thought Farmer Carey and his wife, as candle she had just lighted, as her hus- Vivia rau about, helping to clear away band came in, shaking the light snow from his pepper-and-salt-covered over and wiping the dishes as deftly as if she coat, as if he intended to have a good had been brought up to the trade, and storm within doors, on his own ac- finally settling down on a little cricket

composedly, "it's a goin' to snow all bright hair to shimmering gold and mirnight like furiation, an' the wind's settin' round to the east, and if it hadn't a' been for them mufflers you knit last month, my ears would ha' been clean dear," said the farmer, glancing lovingly froze off my head."

ing couple. She, rosy and freshcolored, with bright black eyes, and a quick, fluttering way with her, like a bird; while he was tall, and slow, and ponderous, with leatherbrown skin, and an expressionless, fossilized face. Yet they had been a singularly happy couple all their lives long. "Did you get any letters?"

11 Yes. "

"From Martin?"

"No, not from Martin. We're goin' to have company to Christmas. Vivia Grey is coming to-morrow night." Mrs. Carey elevated both hands in a

sort of spasmodic despair.



"CLOSE TO MRS. CARRY'S SIDE."

"For the land's sake!" was her exclamation (which Stephen Carey facetiously termed "mother's swear!") "what are we goin' to do with Vivia Grey? We

to, and I don't see how on arth we're to make her anyways comfortable. We hain't no velvet carpets, nor silk sofys, like they have to her uncle's, and I don't Farmer Carey's eyes that he could not know what should send her here."

"Because she wants to see us, s'pose," observed Stephen, composedly. There, there, wife, don't fret. Blood is thicker than water, and she's our foster cousin, you know. It'll make it pleasant for Martin, when he comes."

But Mrs. Carey could not take matters so easily as did her more phlegmatic stage from the nearest railroad station

"I didn't put no icin' on that cake," left for the pies, arter I'd mixed up the completely muffled him. puddin'. I might have sent for some by Deacon Beardsley's boys, if I'd only for it, and-"

"Oh, bother the carpet, mother. Vivia can't put up with what we've got, she must go elsewhere; but I'll risk her. Where's the paper?"

ridges of pearl, over all the fallen logs and unsightly stone walls, fringing the solemn old cedar trees and turning the woods to cathedral arches carved in dazzling marble and alabaster, when the door, just about dusk, and Vivia Grey ran into the kitchen, like a little fur-robed fairy, to Mrs. Carey's no small boy! But, Martin, you don't look as ast mishment.

"THERE HE IS NOW."

It was a large, low room, with newly There was nothing so very terrible love." about this city visitant, after all-a deliing extending half way up to the ceiling; cate girl in blue merino dress, and gold | the farmer answered. "Why, it's what a room with small paned windows, brown hair falling in a rippled cloud about I did myself, son Martin!" which oddly distorted everything you her oval face-a girl whose shy brown eyes looked at you as pleading for love, and whose mouth was as pert and lovely over. I'm only a workingman, father, manufactured in the days when wood as a rosebui! Mrs. Carey threw off her with just enough to live on-"

"We've got a fire in the front room,"

youd the chimney were decorated with "On, never mind the front room," | title!" layers of newspapers, cut in fanciful she said, coaxingly, "it's so bright and shells and scollops, while divers and snug and cheery here. You'll let me

And Vivia had her way.

She was the brightest little sunbeam that night that ever illuminated the "Well?" said Mrs. Carey, selting down quiet old farm house. At least so the table, and sweeping up the hearth close to Mrs. Carey's side, where every "Well," answered Stephen Carey, gleam of the blazing fire turned her rored itself in the limpid depths of her

hazel eves. "It's a little dull for you to night, my at her, as he smoked his evening pipe, They were a curiously contrast- "but Martin will be here to-morrow night, to spend Christmas. That's your

cousin, my dear." "My Cousin Martin!" repeated Vivia,

"You'll like him, I'm sure-he's as fine a fellow as ever breathed, if he is my son," went on the old man. "And -now this is a great secret, my girl, re- I lay myself open to misconception now, member-and I guess likely Martin means to surprise me with it, for I only | wealth alone brought about our reconheard on it through Deacon Beardsley's ciliation. I shall never see her again. daughter-in-law, who came up last week -I shouldn't wonder if Martin should bring a wife here, one of these days, to get the old folks' blessing!"

The farmer's face was radiant as he spoke. Vivia listened with her fair head slightly turned.

"Would you like it?"

"Like it! I guess we should!"

"But you might not find his bride-"My Martin would never bring home a bride that we shouldn't love-of that to York, teachin' school last fall?" I'm sartin," answered the old farmer, conclusively.

"Uncle Carey," said Vivia, earnestly, will you promise me one thing?" "Half a dozen, if you choose." Vivia laughed. "I shall be satisfied with one. Prom-

think that the quiet of his home Christmas should be disturbed by the presence of a stranger." "Taint like Martin to feel so. He'll

am here. He-he may be vexed to

whim!" And she looked so pleadingly into heir to?" but promise

streamed athwart the sunny fields like a beacon of promise-the woods, all hung with silver-pearled icicles, shone and glittered like enchanted paleces, as store at the cross-roads when the daily be called a fortune-hunter? Father, say over the fur wrappings with which the ness from the bottom of my heart, inshe fretted, "and there wasn't a raisin careful hands of his wife and Vivia had

"There he is now, walkin' up and "Martin! Martin, my lad! Why I do sprang out. believe old Whiteface knows him!"

And the next moment Martin Carev was seated beside his father in the box next instant he entered the cheery old sleigh, cheerily answering the torrent of kitchen, whose walls were all festooned The snow lay white and pure, like questions which the eld man eagerly with wreaths of hemlock, ivy, and shinpoured forth.

"And mother is well?" he asked, when he could get a chance to speak. "Yes, and-"

But here Farmer Carey bethought Farmer Carey's old box-sleigh, cosily himself of his promise to brown-eyed lined with buffalo robes, jingled up to little Vivia, and awkwardly turned the current of his words.

"And she'll be glad to see you, my

hearty as you did last September. You are pale! "Am 17" The young man was evidently a little

embarrassed. Farmer Carey dropped the reins aghast. "There's nothing wrong, Martin? You haven't been getting in debt? Be-

rich folks, but there is the farm, and if a mortgage, or-" "Nay, pay, father," answered Martin, pressing the old man's hand and gather- you will accept it-myself." ing up the reins with a sad smile; "I am in no such difficulty as that; thank claimed. "Is this a dream, or are you

"It was a pleasant, brief dream, father," went on Martin, "but it was soon

"A workingman!" broke in Stephen Carey. "And what of that? Ain't they began Mrs. Carey, but Vivia did not the bone and sinew of the land? Why, boy, you ought to be proud of the



"WALKED TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH."

"Hear me out, father. I loved a girl who would grace the home of any man, and I had reason to believe that she returned my love. A trifling difference somehow made a coolness between us. I was in the wrong. Being made aware that I had misjudged her, I was about to seek a reconciliation, when I learned that she had fallen heiress to a fortune which lifted her far above my humble sphere. I have always said that I would never marry a heiress. Still less would when the world would say that her

"Oh, father, I am very miserable!" One moment Martin Carey's head drooped on the kindly shoulder of the old man; then he straightened up again, erect and stately as a young pine tree. "If you please, sir, you will not speak

"But, Martin-"

of it again. Let it die into the past. You would have liked her, I think. She is a distant relation of mother's family." "Twan't Ruth Ann Wilcox, who went

"No, sir; it was not Ruth Ann Wil-

And with this Mr. Carey was forced to be contented. Evidently, Martin did not like to be questioned; so, in his inmost mind, the old man came to the conclusion that it must have been "Descon ise me that you will not tell your son I 'Siah Parson's step-daughter, that was half-sister to mother's cousin, Job All-

wavs." "But, Martin," he ventured to say, hain't nothin' like what she's been used | make you as welcome as flowers in May." | silence, "do you believe you young folks | at that moment.

Essex County Herald. FINE JOB PRINTING.

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W. H. BISHOP, Island Pond, YL

"Yes, but promise me! It's only my could have kissed and made friends if it hadn't been for the money she's fell

"I do, father." "There, I swow!" cried Farmer The orange sunset of Christmas Eve Carey, brandishing his whip-handle. "Tain't doin' justice to her to let this consarned money part you both! Martin, boy, think twice about it."

"I have thought, sir, and my mind Farmer Carey drove up to the old red is unalterably decided. Could I bear to no more; it only re-opens the old discharged its human freight, and peered wounds, and, although I feel your kinddeed, indeed, it can do us no good." from the uncurtained windows the

red firelight streamed out across the down, with his hands in his pockets," gathering darkness of the fast-closing knowned in time. And then the floor cried the farmer, his brown face light- night, as the sleigh drew tingling up in in the front bedroom-I hain't no carpet ing up at the sight of his only son. front of the door, and Martin Carey

His mother was at the door to receive him in true motherly fashion, and the ing laurel leaves, woven in with glowing scarlet berries.

"Why, mother!" he cried, "this is a genuine Christmas decoration! Who would have dreamed of there being so much skill left in your flagers." "Tain't me!" cried Mrs. Carey, look-

ing triumphantly round. "Dear me! I never could ha' twisted the things together so cunningly-it was Vivia." "Vivia!" Martin Carey's handsome Greek face

grew pale as marble, as he repeated the

word. At the same moment a light,

graceful little figure glided into the room, and came to his side. "Yes, Martin, it was I. You'll let me wish you a merry Christmas, won't you!

cause if you have, my boy, we aren't "Well?" She stole her little hand softly into "I've got a Christmas gift for you, if

And, Martin-"

you all the same. Nor did I mean to really standing here under the shadow of cast a shadow over your quiet life with the old roof-tree, lifting the weight from the reflection of my own sorrows. But my heart? Vivia, my love, my darsince you have questioned me, I will ling-"Your wife," she interposed, gently. confide in you freely. I have fallen in "Oh, Martin, would you have allowed a

though I am, I should have been the

"Vivia-stop a minute, Vivia!" he ex-

poorest woman in all Christendom if I had lost your love. And you need never fear the world's careless imputation of being a fortune-hunter. You did not come after me; I came after you." And when Mrs. Carey came in, with the best damask table cloth on her arm, Martin and Vivia were still standing in

front of the fireplace, rapt in one

another's low, caressing words, the old lady stopped short. "Martin-I didn't know-"

"But I know, mother!" cried out the genial voice of the farmer, close behind her. "Martin, say, lad, it's ail right at last. Mother, we're goin' to have a dear little daughter, and her name is Vivia Grev!" And when the clear, cold light of the

blessed Christmas Day dawned radiantly over the glistening, snow-covered earth, and the red fingers of sunset wrote across the orient sky the sweet old words, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to man," Martin Carey walked with Vivia to the village church, and there received the sweetest Christmas gift that earth could have in store for him.

He had married an heiress in spite of

all his protestations-and that is the end

Christmas Bells. O happy bells! through coming years We hear, in your glad sending, The message still of peace, good will-All jarring discords blending.

of most men's resolutions.



O bells of God! ring on, our souls To grander action nerving, Till all our days are Christmas days Of living and of serving. -Caroline A. Dugan

They Were Agreed. What kind of a neck-tie do you like best, Maurice?" asked Gertrude with

"I like a handsome bow as well as anything, don't you?" "Oh, I just do!" said Gertle, with a

movement that was almost a snuggle; after they had skimmed along over the and Maurice never felt so well satisfied hard, frozen ground for some minutes in with his personal appearance as he did

thoughts of Christmas.

TRIT: "Each one resembled the children Zebah and Zulmunna had been off to Zebah and Zulmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." I stand to-day before many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almichty. Though you in axile they shall

means parriousin, although some of the clood of that race has become very thin in the last generation. The family of Medici stood as the representative of letters.

The family of the Rothschilds is signifi-

Bourbon in France were families of imperial

family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the Cross; all of us are the children of the King. First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line give luster to the family name. In our line was a king and a conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at His

that bring them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded Him, and the spear that pierced Him, and the crown that was given Him. It gathers fragrance from the fransincense brought to His craile, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into His sermons, and the box of ninbuster that broke at His feet. The comforter at Bethany. The resurrector at Nain. The supernatural oculist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world,

other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! "coats of arms." In every battle I must

taketh away the sin of the world.

Next I speak of the family sorrows. If tives to come to the verge of the grave and

sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all.
Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does
one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one
bereaved? We are all bereaved. Their streaming eyes together flow For human guitt and mortal woe.

Next I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies the relative; assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to be nevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read.

tion to generation.
So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east.
The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song. Trees's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrals chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear ally make you feal glad. The sun, which

captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood, and for the dim vision of the cetogenarian! Light for queen's coronet, and for sewing gives negate! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture, and hung it on the say in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family.

No note peals 2'er too high for Him Angelic choir and tuneful seraphim